



EMIGRÉ

The Magazine
That
Ignores
Boundaries

Keeping
Myths Alive
Issue

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Featuring

.....
Henk B. Elenga

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John Faite

.....
Escape Mechanism

.....
Motown over
Moscow

.....
Pull-Out Poster

.....
Magritte's Hat

.....
The Cremation of
Sam McBee

.....
George Sand

4



Price \$5.-



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ENR

Desi Arnaz MacIntosh illustration by **John Hersey**

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EMIGRE



The Magazine That Ignores Boundaries

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Cover
20 Time Transmission © Study for a staged
photo event by Henk R. Elenga, 1985

HENK R.

Henk Elenga is an energetic artist / designer in his late thirties who has resided in Hollywood, California since he immigrated to the U.S. in 1968. He shares a modest two-bedroom apartment with his Dutch wife Lenie and a chubby white cat named Bonito in a building that he describes as "thirties-fourplex-Italian-Mediterranean-style." On a balmy Monday morning in July '85, I visit him there.

We are sitting at one of the steel and glass tables he made himself, behind out sized cups brimming with potent black espresso. In a corner stands another of Henk's creations: a wooden prototype of a lamp series. His sense of humor in art is apparent; to my right, above a doorway, protrudes an odd, brightly blue painted salami-like object, and nearby a

paint-splattered empty picture frame is decoratively stuck in between a typewriter and the wall. A window to my left overlooks flat rooftops and palm trees. Noticing my search for details and reference points, Henk proudly points out that not only does he have a view of the legendary Hollywood sign, but also that the studio/livingroom faces *oost* - the side preferred by most artists because of the tempered daylight.

What excited me about interviewing Henk was that he is a multi-talented artist involved in such diverse occupations as graphic design, furniture and light-object design and its construction, art exhibition design, art magazine publication and distribution (*Life* magazine), music video directing and video art directing, composing and performing music, and

painting and creating "staged photo events."

While still in Holland, Henk was instrumental in founding *Hard Worker*, a Rotterdam-based group of young designers with innovative ideas. The distinctive, somewhat chaotic style of *Hard Worker* was first perceived as ugly, but in recent years it has been recognized as an important movement in Europe, comparable to "De Stijl" and Russian Constructivism. Henk is the only member who lives in the U.S. and he represents the group as president of *Hard Worker*, L.A. Desk.

BY Marc Susan

W De Bonting G., Lamp, 1978



W Betsy Becker W., 1982 (With John Reed Foreman)

EV L E R N G A

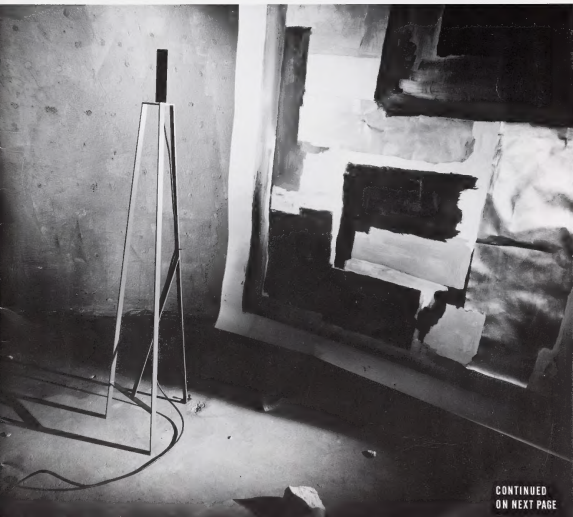
Q QUESTION NUMBER ONE: FROM THE NETHERLANDS, YOU'RE AN ARTIST. DID YOU START OUT AS A PAINTER IN HOLLAND? **A** Basically, yes. I graduated from the Academy of Fine Arts in Rotterdam. **Q** DID YOU DO ANYTHING ELSE BEFORE PAINTING? **A** I did some work as a window dresser for a large department store and I opened an art gallery with a friend to get some publicity and recognition with the paintings we made at art school. **Q** DID THE GALLERY SUCCEED? **A** Yes, we got a lot of publicity. We also showed our friends' work: installations like reconstructions of livingrooms from the thirties, as well as the work of a guy who exhibited photographs the size of postage stamps, very unusual things that nobody had seen before. To make some money, we started a

rental gallery. We put on shirts and ties, visited multinational corporations, and asked them if they were interested in renting artwork. That was a big success - it took off like hell! But it was also a lot of work. **Q** WHEN WAS THAT? **A** Around 1970. **Q** IS IT STILL FUNCTIONING? **A** It's doing great. We gave the whole organization to the Rotterdam Art Foundation and they are still running it today. **Q** WERE YOU TIRED OF THE GALLERY BUSINESS? **A** I wouldn't say that I was tired of it. It was more like a dream had come true. I had accomplished what I had in mind. Most of my fantasies and dreams have pretty much been realized, by the way. **Q** WHAT CAME NEXT? **A** I became involved in an experimental gallery, the Limboan Centrum, supported by the Rotterdam City Council. It was

located in a very prestigious, brand new building in the center of the city. One of the requirements was that the place function as an intermediate form between a gallery and a museum. It also had to be an environment that invited experiments. It had a video studio with top-of-the-line equipment, for example. The exhibition designs that I put together for the gallery were mostly thematic and we used a combination of video and multiscene slide projection that we invented ourselves to enhance it. Video was still new and unexplored then. We did a lot of crazy things. We even cruised Holland with a bus full of video equipment - filming, demonstrating and doing a survey about the different uses of video. After a while we became very sought after video-



© Trappetium ©, 1984, Photo by John Reed Foreman



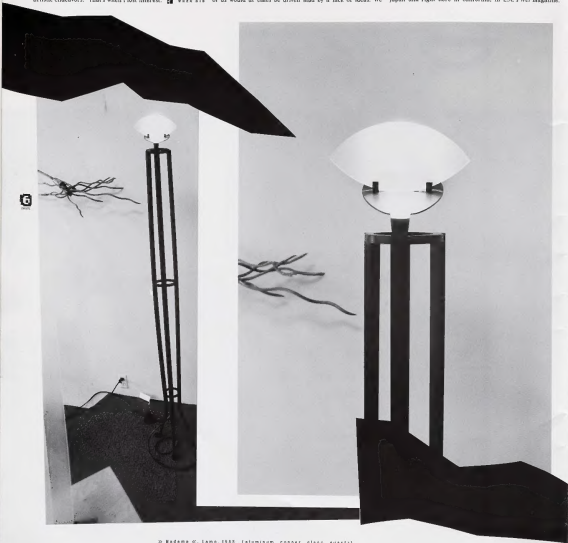
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ON NEXT PAGE

HARD

makers. Important museums like the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam asked us to make tapes for them. In 1974 I even went for half a year to Germany to run the video department of the Kölische Kunst Verein. **WHAT KIND OF TAPES WERE THEY?** Art video productions and documentaries about artists like Nam June Paik and Man Ray. I was cameraman and editor, all in one, and my friends did the sound and most of the interviewing. **WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LINDEN CENTRUM?** It collapsed under its own weight. The productions became more and more elaborate and expensive. On top of that, there was considerable pressure from people within the organization to politicize our work and compromise our artistic endeavors. That's when I lost interest. **WHEN DID**

THE HARD WORKER GROUP COME ABOUT? In '79. It was essentially a group of friends, graphic designers and artists, each with their own specialties and style. We collaborated, yet we each worked independently - a rare occurrence among artists, as you probably know. One of our first projects was to create a magazine, *Hard Worker*, which was more or less a portfolio of all the ideas and concepts about design we had. **WHAT WAS THE MAGAZINE ABOUT?** It was a cultural/popular publication comparable to *Her* magazine. **WHERE DID THE GROUP MEET AND WORK?** We shared one large well-equipped graphic studio in Rotterdam. **CAN YOU GIVE AN EXAMPLE OF HOW YOU WORKED TOGETHER?** Well, each of us would at times be driven mad by a lack of ideas. We

called that "designer's pain." That's when someone else would jump in and finish the job. Or sometimes you just needed a little push to help the project along. **COULD YOU MENTION A TYPICAL ASPECT THAT IDENTIFIED THE HARD WORKER STYLE?** Our slogan was "Everything should be beautiful," but the designs were esthetically anarchistic. We would use a hundred different typefaces in one poster, for example, and initially the public hated it. And now, a few years later, the *Hard Worker* company designs stamps for the Dutch government, catalogs for museums, styling for festivals - you name it. What is also interesting is that this style was happening simultaneously in other parts of the world: in Japan and right here in California, in L.A.'s *Her* magazine.



Madame W. Lamp, 1980. (alumium, copper, glass, quartz)

W E R K E

That was my first job in America, by the way, to do design work for *Wes* before it "dried up." **Q** IN 1944 YOU MOVED TO LOS ANGELES, WHY? **A** Well, I thought it was time to do something in a different country. Things were getting a bit too comfortable - I need to challenge myself now and then. In Holland I was successful, but it's so crowded there; it's like living in an antihill - there were too many people breathing down my neck. Anyway, I love to travel, but when I came to L.A., it was love at first sight. You got your house and you got your car and nobody bothered you. **Q** HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE AN IMMIGRANT? **A** I don't feel like an immigrant at all! When I look around in Los Angeles, everybody is an immigrant. Besides, this place has only existed a hundred years! I'm only

an immigrant according to statistics and law. That's why when you started a magazine named *Esquire* I thought it was not significant at all. The subtitle appeals more to me. I hate borders and boundaries. I hate it when I approach the border of another country and there is a person standing there who wants to know who you are, where you are going and how long you want to stay. **Q** WOULD YOU FEEL MORE LIKE A CITIZEN OF THE WORLD? **A** Definitely! I could live almost anywhere.



Mondrian H. Glagolev, 1985



CONTINUED
ON NEXT PAGE

Dining Table, 1981

Shark Table w. Dining Table, 1971



De Stijl n, Lamp, 1992



Catalogue Design, n Post Olympic Art n, 1984



Two covers "Hard Werken" magazine.



Catalogue Design, n Little Gasser Press n, 1983



Chair, 1987

SCOTT
WILLIAMS



V I N C E N T V A N G O G H

Nowinski

"Every system," says Polish emigre artist Marek Nowinski, "has its advantages."

We were discussing his impressions of his recent trip to Europe, his fourth in 18 years as a Bay Area. Looking at post-Solidarity Poland, he "found the system discouraging. Since you see how the machine works, you don't want to become part of it." Indeed, Marek found that most of his artist compatriots had emigrated during Solidarity to Canada, the U.S., and Australia, the three countries that opened their borders to this wave of Polish immigrants. Poland itself issued passports freely at this time, and many left the country.

In the other hand, as an artist under free enterprise, Marek is well aware of the singer Jackson Browne's dilemma: being "caught between the longing for love and the struggle for the legal tender." Economic necessity imposes its own limitations, and a lot of Marek's time in the U.S. has been spent trying to reconcile the laws of economics and the compulsion of artistic expression.

Marek had no thought of coming to the United States when he was studying graphic design at the Academy of Fine Arts in Warsaw. In high school, he had decided upon film. Theatre poster design. At the Academy, he studied under Januszowski, co-founder of the Polish Poster school whose work had initially so inspired Marek.

"In those days [the sixties], Polish poster art was strongly influenced by the West—Pop Art, Op Art"—Warhol, Rauschenberg, et al. The political atmosphere was non-oppressive. "We were under Gomulka, the most liberal dictator in eastern Europe," Marek laughs. "There were western movies in the cinema and many Americans in Poland. Poland was looking towards the West."

Marek received many awards for his work and took advantage of the abundant theatre activity in Warsaw. Upon graduation in 1966, he was hired to work for a Polish magazine, *TY J&B*, as an assistant art director. He would later draw on this background. Things were going well professionally for him.

In 1968, he met an American artist, Claude, on a Fulbright scholarship in Poland. After they finished their studies, they got married. Marek spent another six months in Warsaw but emigrated to San Francisco in 1970.

He was culture-shocked.

"I had taken some English classes in Poland. I could read magazines, but I couldn't speak or understand if I will." This limited his job opportunities. He took a job working in magazine production while he attended evening classes in English. Another disappointment was that there was no market for his posters. "I moved into magazine design; I had already done some of this in Poland."

His English improved and so did his professional outlook. He did free-lance work for *Rolling Stone* and *National Geographic*.

In 1972, Marek went to Paris on vacation, which extended into a year of free-lance graphic design work. Most important, he was able to learn about photography techniques from Stan Malinowski, for whom he worked as an assistant. Marek also got to do work for *Newsweek*, *Playboy*, and *Time*. His experience of western Europe added yet another overlay to his Polish and American acculturation.

Upon his return to the United States in 1973, Marek resumed magazine work (for *Rolling Stone*). He also taught art at Hayward State College and the San Francisco Academy of Art. He even got to do posters for Cultural Arts, where he was art director, as well as for various record companies, for whom he also did record covers ("Designing record covers is very similar to designing posters," Marek says). His clients included RCA, Grunt, and Fantasy-Hickman-Prestige.

Between the years of 1976 and 83, Marek built an impressive list of clients and credits as a designer and photographer. Penicillin Co. collaboration with his wife Daniala, San Francisco Theatre, New West, Boulevards, Wolf, ArtBeat, and San Francisco magazines.

He was also honing his proficiency in photo-portraiture. "I have always been fascinated by portraits. Whenever I am in Europe, I must see the Rembrandts and the Pier della Francesca again and again. I would love to paint superrealistically, if I could. So I try to do with lighting what the great painters did: reveal the elements of the human personality. But you cannot duplicate the painter's light with artificial light, because the painter's light is not real. It exists in the mind."

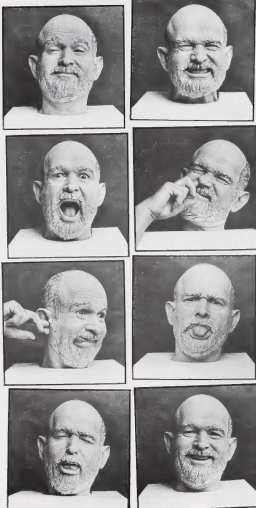
It is not only the visual aspect of photography that attracts Marek. "Some of my subjects (such as sculptor Robert Rauschenberg, singer/composer Harry Belafonte, writer Jessica Haffner) are shaping events in our world today. They are significant, and I try to portray my conception of them by using lighting to highlight their features and expressions. To reveal their characters by dramatic poses, stroke lights, and other techniques."

Marek came into his own as design director and chief photographer at *ArtBeat*. He recalls with evident pleasure the years 1981-82. "It was the most creative group I've ever worked with." Using his favorite format, the tabloid, Marek established the close-up portrait that became the signature -- the "look" -- of *ArtBeat*.

Marek had come of the same freedom in his work with *San Francisco Focus* magazine. "When I look through the camera lens, I see not only the photograph I'm about to take, but its layout on the page."

With all this, Marek has not forgotten poster design. He is working on a book of Polish poster design of the sixties. For the past few years he has had no success with this project, but he's not given up. In 1982, he did get a track of poster design, with gratifying results. His entry in the United Nations-sponsored *UNEPAC '82* poster competition, representing the U.S. and depicting metaphorically the peaceful use of outer space, was a winner.

Marek's professional success is the background that is art in the United States is available: art director, photographer, graphic designer and, now once again, teacher (at the San Francisco



Robert Arneson photographed by Marek Nowinski for *ARTBEAT* magazine.

Academy of Art). At the moment, he is preparing an exhibit of his photographs for the American Embassy in Warsaw. Yet Marek still considers returning to Poland in later years, to paint.

"There, I wouldn't have to try to sell my work. If it sold, fine; if not, also fine." He believes it may be possible to produce his own statements as a state-supported painter. "I also feel nostalgia for Poland, for my family."

Yet Marek admits that his last glimpses of Poland was through eyes that had become increasingly American, though his perception of himself is more western European than Polish or American; somewhere equivalent between the two.

We talk about the trade-off between financial security and political security and Marek shrugs. He knows that however imperfect human systems are, the artist's vision is borderless.

BY RILCE POLESKY



JOHN FANTE

I went up to my
room, up the dusty
stairs of Bunker Hill,
past the soot-covered

frame buildings along that dark street, sand and oil and grease choking the futile palm trees standing like dying prisoners, chained to a little plot of ground with black pavement hiding their feet. Dust and old buildings and old people sitting at windows, old people tottering out of doors, old people moving painfully along the dark street. The old folk from Indiana and Iowa and Illinois, from Boston and Kansas City and Des Moines, they sold their homes and their stores, and they came here by train and by automobile to the land of sunshine, to die in the sun, with just enough money to live until the sun killed them, tore themselves out by the roots in their last days, deserted the smug prosperity of Kansas City and Chicago and Peoria to find a place in the sun. And when they got here they found that other and greater thieves had already taken possession, that even the sun belonged to the others; Smith and Jones and Parker, druggist, banker, baker, dust of Chicago and Cincinnati and Cleveland on their shoes, doomed to die in the sun, a few dollars in the bank, enough to subscribe to the *Los Angeles Times*, enough to keep alive the illusion that this was paradise, that their little papier-mache homes were castles. The uprooted ones, the empty sad folks, the old and the young folks, the folks from back home. These were my countrymen, these were the new Californians. With their bright polo shirts and sunglasses, they were in paradise, they belonged.

But down on Main Street, down on Towne and San Pedro, and for a mile on lower Fifth Street were the tens of thousands of others; they couldn't afford sunglasses or a four-bit polo shirt and they hid in the alleys by day and slunk off to flop houses by



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J

TURN
TO NEXT PAGE

night. A cop won't pick you up for vagrancy in Los Angeles if you wear a fancy polo shirt and a pair of sunglasses. But if there is dust on your shoes and that sweater you wear is thick like the sweaters they wear in the snow countries, he'll grab you. So get yourselves a polo shirt boys, and a pair of sunglasses, and white shoes, if you can. Be collegiate. It'll get you anyway. After a while, after big doses of the *Times* and the *Examiner*, you too will whoop it up for the sunny south. You'll eat hamburgers year after year and live in dusty, vermin-infested apartments and hotels, but every morning you'll see the mighty sun, the eternal blue of the sky, and the streets will be full of sleek women you never will possess, and the hot semitropical nights will reek of romance you'll never have, but you'll still be in paradise, boys, in the land of sunshine.

As for the folks back home, you can lie to them, because they hate the truth anyway, they won't have it, because soon or late they want to come out to paradise, too. You can't fool the folks back home, boys. They know what Southern California's like. After all they read the papers, they look at the picture magazines glutting the newsstands of every corner in America. They've seen pictures of the movie stars' homes. You can't tell them anything about California.

Lying in my bed I thought about them, watched the blobs of red light from the St. Paul Hotel jump in and out of my room, and I was miserable, for tonight I had acted like them. Smith and Parker and Jones, I had never been one of them. Ah, Camilla! When I was a kid back home in Colorado it was Smith and Parker and Jones who hurt me with their hideous names, called me Wop and Dago and Greaser, and their children hurt me, just as I hurt you tonight. They hurt me so much I could never become one of them, drove me to books, drove me within myself, drove me to run away from that Colorado town, and sometimes, Camilla, when I see their faces I feel the hurt all over again, the old ache there, and sometimes I am glad they are here, dying in the sun, uprooted, tricked by their heartlessness, the same faces, the same set, hard mouths, faces from my home town, fulfilling the emptiness of their lives under a blazing sun.

I see them in the lobbies of hotels, I see them sunning in the parks, and limping out of ugly little churches, their faces bleak from proximity with their strange gods, out of Aimee's Temple, out of the Church of the Great I Am.

I have seen them stagger out of their movie palaces and blink their empty eyes in the face of reality once more, and stagger home, to read the *Times*, to find out what's going on in the world. I have vomited at their newspapers, read their literature, observed their customs, eaten their food, desired their women, gaped at their art. But I am poor, and my name ends with a soft vowel, and they hate me and my father, and my father's father, and they would have my blood and put me down, but they are old now, dying in the sun and in the hot dust of the road, and I am young and full of hope and love for my country and my times, and when I say Greaser to you it is not my heart that speaks, but the quivering of an old wound, and I am ashamed of the terrible thing I have done.

E



PHOTOGRAPHY



15

scape Mechanism

"number fifteen, number fifteen."

"next, please."

"may i see some current identification, ma' am."

i am paying quiet homage to a particular form of organization i am standing in line, a rising cacophony of interrogatives and requests pummel my ears and rapidly dissipates under more of the same as my grandfather voiced patiently to enter this nation, i am restlessly probing for an exit.

i am handed a number and not for the first time, either, from the day of my birth until that final arrangement with death, my life will be translated, circumscribed by the busy fingers of clerks, this is how i know my country best, clerks they lay their hands religiously upon the dials and buttons of electronic memories, at these very moments, within the progression of data striving to identify me, i become alive in the eyes of an unknown clerk.

and today, i am at the passport office, in the days and weeks to come . . . who knows where i shall be? i certainly do not.

i glance at my photograph, a picture that does not fail to amuse me, it wants to be stamped into the body of the most sacred document of our epoch, the passport, a face imbued with subtle promises, i look like a convict, my head is shaved

and my mouth is fleshed in lines peculiar to the state of mind best known as simple intransigence, and my eyes? yes, they have a light, i cannot deny that, but they are hooded by lids which seem the need to hide the past.

can the passport authorities perceive the history of my crimes in a black and white engraved image? do they hear the record of my eleven arrests, the felony buzz, ticking away inside my naked skull? i will remain mute in the presence of these questions, silence is my most reliable vehicle and i must escape .

i wait, sitting alone in a row of bauhaus styled chairs, furniture built of chrome and leatherette, glistening with purpose, across from me, i recognize them plainly, are other refugees from the cities of america, poised and confident nervous and pensive, well dressed and prepared to reveal troves of precious information, the secrets of foreign lands etched in a philippino man's yellowed eyes, a vietnamese woman's years etched into the language of her forehead, the italian entrepreneur's gold teeth, around as a generous smile and distributed in equal parts to all of us, we have been placed in one room, captured by our shared desire to leave.

the black security guard, his leather ammunition belt creaking, watches me as i write these words, he approaches me and leans over my shoulder to see the name of america inscribed on paper .

i look at america from my chair, in the passport office, the dimmed spotlights reflect the gold jewelry of women and the varnished floors are neatly juxtaposed against the purity of a clean window and beyond are the fluttering trees, coyly bending under the granite skyscrapers, they share the two o'clock breeze with the news vendor's cry of dolehead, the

shant announcement of the future to come, the speed of our decade, the literal motion of unfolding events, is too much for him, perched on the sidewalk, surrounded by the cluster of pedestrian frenzy, the news vendor wearily nods his american head.

one hour later, or has it been three hours? i cannot recall, it does not matter because i have not filled out my application, but i must hurry, my number is twenty-three, the same year of this century in which my grandfather illegally penetrated the land, he arrived in america, his youthful perspective torn apart by the most popular debate of the western world, of revolution pitted against counter-revolution, this century is not yet done with its work and the argument has not been concluded, accordingly, i will not hold my breath, refugees cannot afford to be anything short of realistic, don't you think?

and my grandfather? though the man rests in a grave, i am unable to push a pen over the surface of my application without feeling his breath upon my hand, his aged shadow weighs upon my efforts to depart, he laughs when he reminds me of the route he undertook to enter the port of new york, wet and broke.

anyway, the authorities are handing out passports like foodstamps these days frequently and sometimes fraudulently, and for a nominal fee, at that.

my number is called i walk over to the interviewer's desk, he is middle aged and attired in a suit colored an innocuous shade of brown, he appraises me carefully, and for good reason, my grandfather whispers, from the domain where all true exiles reside, outside the weakened grasp of protocol and national borders, having my legacy, you were been to skirt guards and frontiers, you look like a convict, says he.

facial expressions and history aside, i was told i would receive a passport in a matter of weeks pending a rigorous investigation into my personal life, of course.

i am a supplicant seeking permission to leave america, i will not wait for a favorable response, a wise decision, my grandfather comments, the translucent skin of his thoughts stretched tight over the never ending journey, so thoroughly illegal, of continents left behind for continents gained.

really was nothing to lose anymore, was there? The station was set, as always, on Radio Moscow but he immediately searched the airwaves for something different.

There

OTOWN OW

Imre's fingers, poised with cramps, patiently tuned the radio as he listened intently for signals through the garbled airwaves. The translucent dial, which was worn to a yellowish patina from years of adjusting, squawked just a little as it turned from one electric current, or one frequency, to another. In the middle of the night, with no light save the moon through the light cotton curtain, Imre sensed yet variation to the continuous static blend of voices and music that were barely audible. The growing waves were indeed powerful and they made it nearly impossible for Imre to hear broadcasts that might play his absolute favorite song on the radio. Eventually, though, another station from West Germany made it through, and it was again new music. For perhaps an hour he heard things that put him in a tizzy. Everything sounded powerfully electric. Where did they get the ideas, the noises, the fusion of the instruments? Imre pulled the curtain aside and stared into the cold night. The waxy haze from the moon reflected on his dark Russian head, softening his face. The deep brown eyes averted to the moon as he thought about triangles, perhaps invisible, yet there *must* really be triangles connecting him to the source of the transmission and then to other listeners. With enough triangles he could connect himself to countless people. How many others were listening right now? The triangles turned to rectangles and squares, connecting him to the space, to the other listeners and to the moon. What could then connect him to the elusive singers he anxiously hoped to hear?

The announcer finally said something Imre immediately recognized... SOO-PREEM... That's what they said the last time he heard it... SOO-PREEM! His lips, almost instantly dry, repeated that word, or words. His chest heaved with anticipation of what he knew he was going to hear. It was going to be the song that was uptheregoinghis

All Imre had ever wanted to do was grant beauty and sculpt from life. He closed his eyes, weary from studying, and imagined a huge sculpture in Moscow Park composed of a mesh of scientific symbols and formulas fabricated of tarnished copper, rendering the figure of a loving Babushka. The intense daydreaming made it harder and harder to concentrate. On what? Aerodynamics? Yes, of course. Professor Semenov: what were his last words that morning? "Yes are a good artist, my boy, but all artists must know more than how to draw and paint! You are to be given one more chance to pass the exam, Imre—Tomorrow at six a.m. Be sharp and quick, my boy." Imre legged his books to the school café to have a strong cup of coffee but his friend Mikhail was making ready to read one of his poems and that meant Imre had to leave quickly. Mikhail always stared him greasy and they would certainly come to discussing the new piece, which would then lead to hours of new conversation. Imre painfully packed up and slipped out into the cold late autumn afternoon. The sky, a continuous flat grey, matched his mood. Moscow, though, was a varnished blue with dots of yellow light. Imre lived brutally through the summer months, then slowed to a shuffle when dead leaves began to fall. The rest of the city moved the same as always, as people leaving daily jobs steadily made their way home. "I am only sixteen years old," he thought, "but so restless! I can't be like them, working at the same one job at any evening, any season, any weather. I must pass that exam!"

BY JOHN D'HONDT

Imre had the good fortune to be the last of four children to remain at home with his parents. His two sisters now lived in Leningrad, and his brother ended up north in Kirovsk. A bedroom that was once shared by all four siblings was now his alone. His mother came in to say good night, over-stuffed in her plush cotton robe. She organized the household and insisted that Imre kept a steady bedtime. Saying goodnight was the reminder that if Imre hadn't finished his assignments it was his own fault and it was the nightly reminder that she loved him. She would be going to bed directly herself, her teeth out of her mouth and soaking in the kitchen. Imre, as usual, kissed his mother on the tough skin of her cheek, closed the door, heeded the bottom of it with a towel and draped a sheet over the one lamp in the room at his desk. These nightly blackout procedures gave him the feeling of freedom and aloneness. Other homework aside, he now opened the book of aerodynamic lab experiments and started repeating the formulas, results, etc. while carefully whispering each "magic letter" (as per Professor Semenov's description). Ten minutes later Imre's head was leaning upon the open book as he breathed heavily through a dreamlike sleep. These were nightmares of air movements pushing him into the laps of the science professors at the university "Air stall!" he screamed at them. "I only need air to breathe and dry my nostrils! Why must you turn my head into a sawtooth?" And in the final dream Imre did turn into a tornado, faster, and faster, and faster until he woke with a jolt before expiring into the universe. It was four in the morning, and Imre cursed profusely because the exam was just two hours away and surely he would fail again; he hadn't learned a darn thing! Hopes of a future were disappearing as the word of life was turning against him and that much of aerodynamics he understood. There was no way studying any more, so he tip-toed into the living room. The plush flowered furniture miserably looked like a ghostly garden in the near darkness. The stillness of everything was a little forbidding, as if it was trying to invade the room's privacy at this holy hour. Imre was here to witness the radio that was always kept in the place of reverence, resting with a dolly beneath it on its own table. It was grand, despite the sattered leather case that held it together and the light gray cloth it left on the room. It was heavy and a table-top antenna was attached as well. The equipment was carefully carried to his room, where he set things up on the floor and changed the one available outlet from the lamp plug to the radio.

The announcer finally said something Imre immediately recognized... SOO-PREEM... That's what they said the last time he heard it... SOO-PREEM!



ER MOSCOW

Inne took out a previously rolled cigarette and lit it, almost not caring if it reached his mother's nostrils. There really was nothing to lose anymore, was there? The station was set, as always, on Radio Moscow but he immediately searched the airwaves for something different. Occasionally far away stations would slip past the jamming waves and this always excited Inne, who loved to experience anything new. If he could manage to become a successful artist he would certainly have the chance to travel, to meet with other cultures, other art, and allow it to mix with his. Through the garbled noise was heard, it seemed, German . . . Yes, yes it was German, and he heard it - West Berlin. Inne understood German fairly well and revelled in this delightful opportunity. The cigarette smoke wrapped around the antenna as German news came through the hissing speaker. News ended followed by music! New music! The voice of the announcer came through clearly now and Inne understood - "Lute Zahner, our love-it" - Dear listener, we present - "Die späte aus America, Das Mander Cee Hui! The Spoken! Baby Love!"

Inne was instantly overwhelmed by the first strains of a stirring, repetitive beat followed by the smack, smack, smack of hands clapping while the voice of a singer, a sexy female singer, came forth with "Oooo, Oooo, Oooo . . ." followed by the stirring harmony of voices blending like angels in time - Baby Love, my Baby Love, I need ya, oh how I need ya - and the sexy voice took hold again and by now Inne's heart had fallen into a new beat. He chest heaved as his lungs worked to replace the oxygen lost from the excitement of the raving

rhythm that kept up with the wave of voices and - a piano? Yes, and horns, and drums, and that clap, clap, clap, clap that never stopped. He didn't understand the words but he knew whatever they were saying was marvelous. "If only Mikhail's poems could be set to music like this, soaring across the sky into radio quarters. I must tell him all about this tomorrow."

Inne restlessly listened to the remainder of the song. It was nearly time for breakfast but how could he possibly relax his stomach enough to eat? Breakfast time, of course, meant his mother would be getting up very minute to begin her long day and what about the radio? The song ended and he waited desperately to hear it again. He had to repeat the tune in his head so he would never lose it and the phrase they kept repeating - Bay-bee-luv, Bay-bee-luv - Mikhail knew a little English so he perhaps would know what it meant. Ten times he repeated it, never to be forgotten. He grabbed the radio gear and crut slowly and carefully, his legs aching from sitting on the floor so long. The light came on in his mother's bedroom. Swiftly, Inne! All was in place on the dolly just as the light from the opening door swept the room, illuminating the flowers and Inne's slightly nervous face. "Inne," his mother whispurred excitedly. "Do so early, my dear, is there something going on?" "No, mother. I just had a dream that our radio was stolen and so I got up to be sure it was OK." He looked a huge yawn that sent mild spasm through his unweary body. He was not expecting such a good day again, but at least there was that music.

Inne ran to the café after passing the exam, the exam was already just a memory. He couldn't really lose his career as an artist, it was surely indelibly written into his life. He was excited now to share his new discovery of music with Mikhail and to find the meaning of those earth shattering lyrics.

He found Mikhail reading from a book of poems by Nerzhavskiy. Inne slid into a seat at the table and as Mikhail looked up, his usually restless smile turned to a look of concern, his friend was frantic.

Inne was instantly overwhelmed by the first strains of a stirring, repetitive beat followed by the smack, smack, smack of hands clapping while the voice of a singer, a sexy female singer, came forth with "Oooo, Oooo, Oooo . . ." followed by the stirring harmony of voices blending like angels in time - Baby Love, my Baby Love, I need ya, oh how I need ya -

Mikhail, I need your help!

Yes, Inne, but first sit and calm yourself! Whatever I can do, please let us know. Has some tragedy struck your family?

Goodness, do I seem that desperate? I only need you to translate something from English for me.

OK. That's fine. Hand me the paper quickly and look casual, not so damn excited!

No, Mikhail! There's no document! I only have the sound of the word, or words. I'm not sure how many there are. They go like this: Bay-bee-luv, Bay-bee-luv. It's part of a song, a great new song I heard last night, on German radio. It's from America. Do you know what it means?

Let's see. Bay-bee-luv. Bay-bee-luv. A little child. And this other . . . you, Inne! I think it must be "Baby Love!" This is the love of an infant, perhaps for its mother or for the world. This baby has Inne, and a song is written for it. How charming. You say this to me, America!

Yes, but the words actually aren't the only thing. The music is fabulous, Mikhail. It is so steady and as rhythmic as a heart beat. It rolls smoothly on the instruments, without hesitation, carry along the notes and what stirring notes! They are female and very sexy. Anytime, I must hear it again. I will spend every night in front of that damn radio. It has, Mikhail, given me a new feeling; the beat has given me a better step. It won't leave my head.

It is good to have a direction, Inne, just don't get carried away; remember your role as an artist.

This is certain to help me in that last! It has opened up more colors, somehow. I can, for the first time, say that music has inspired me to paint. I am tired of the old classics. They make me paint heavy and grey. This new sound makes me feel modern, light, and . . . and Mikhail! It . . . I am not sure but could the song itself actually make me feel a little . . . different?

I am not sure what you mean. Does it alter your perception of the arrangement of musical notes?

No, no, nothing as theoretical as this. I am like a . . . transformation. I'm confused, Mikhail.

Inne, you are the most charming man I know. But your worried mind allows so much to you . . . Inne. Don't rush it so; we'll figure it out.

Mikhail, you are terrific.

CONTINUED
ON NEXT PAGE



His lips, almost instantly dry, repeated that word, or words. His chest heaved with anticipation of what he knew he was going to hear. It was going to be the song that was upheaving his life.

Steering the radio from the reversed spot because I knew and knew who'd longer worried about being misjudged. For hours, turn the dial so much that his hand ached. The great, interesting offering for over a week, though, was no such defense, to Iren Switzerland and here was nearly completely out of patience.

here! All the while a year reading tonight you shuffled on your chair and chided-smoked cigarettes.

Mikhail, I'm truly sorry. I just... Well I was concerned about a painting. I don't know how to finish it.

Don't drink me. It's still that song, isn't it?

Do you think I'm being ridiculous?

I can't judge unless I hear it too. Maybe you can't a dramatic change to the record that others don't.

At this point I just like the dance song and want to hear it!

here, if you don't quiet down, Sasha will throw us out of his house. Let's show respect for the others. Perhaps I could write a poem just for you and call it "Baby Love."

You don't get it, Mikhail.

What is "it"?

I don't know, but you aren't on the same wavelength with me.

What is this about wavelength?

It's aerodynamics. Anyway, I will just have to suffer this out on my own.

That's sudden me. We are always together on such things.

Please understand that you will have to hear the song before you understand!

Then finally Iren's nervous persistence paid off and the triangle was again complete when he heard... SOO FREEM... and again came from far away the pulse, the overlapping beat, the clap, clap, clap, and he was truly, absolutely hooked for life. The hands pounded the legs, the feet tapped on the floor, the head shook and his mother woke up. Iren didn't notice the ruler pushing the towel away from the bottom of the door, nor the little crack of light coming through, nor hear the click of the knob. Finally the light from the hall white-washed the moonlight. His mother stood frozen, her surprised face framed by the myriad of tightly pinned curls on her head. She'd be approached, she wondered, or would that send her into uncontrollable convulsions? Then she saw the radio and shrieked, "Yes!" When she saw of anything are you doing with the radio? I can't believe what I am seeing. What are you doing, or what is it doing to you?" Iren held in his chest and swallowed hard, preparing to act as cool as possible. "Mother, only!" I was only standing free sitting in long. Across, Professor Swarovski told us that if at all possible we should listen to a foreign broadcast late at night to help us understand the surroundings of events that make it through the jamming waves. Please don't be angry at the Professor since he only means for us to really grasp something we would otherwise not understand." She was too stunned by the near ridiculous answer to even try to decide its validity. "Yes, I see, here. It must be very complicated. You do understand my concern with the radio, do you not?" Iren breathed out slowly. "Of course, Mother. I think I've gotten the lesson down now. I'll return the radio and get to sleep."

Iren stirred the small cup of dark coffee over and over until it was too cold to drink. Mikhail and his cello usually content her would usually carry any of Iren's bad moods, as well, commencing as Iren left when he lived alone to himself that Mikhail had so much influence over his emotions.

Friend, drink your coffee. You must speak as well. This music that filled your spirits so high was making you so depressed.

Mikhail, every time I think of that song I get so excited I could scream. But then I get upset because I can't hear it when I want.

If you could listen to it all the time would you not love it more after a short while?

If you heard it you'd see, I'd never get tired of it. To be honest, Mikhail, if the situation doesn't change it... well, it has already begun to affect my work. Forget all that stuff I told you, everything is coming out wrong.

The two friends sat together in a caring silence, their knees lazily leaning against each other, Iren pulled hard on his cigarette. Mikhail did not know what else to say to his friend, knowing well that when Iren was in despair over his art, things were indeed bad and he should not waste time with casual arguments to snap him out of it, he would wait for just the right words to come to mind. A young woman sitting at the next table then turned around and candidly broke the silence.

Excuse me, I could not help but overhear something. But, trust me, I may be able to help you. What is this song you're stuck on?

It comes from America. The title I'm not sure of, but it may be something like: Baby Love, too.

Yes, yes, I've heard that one! My friend has it!

Has it? Do you mean a recording?

Yes, yes. Listen, friends! I know a place where we can go. One Ladies (la Morosov is running a little dance room tonight. It costs 50 copeks and includes refreshments and the will play what you want. You can hear your song, here, I am sure of it! My name is Olga, by the way.

Right, I am here, this is Mikhail and you have heard me. If ever you need something, let me know. Tonight!

2. RUN, RUN, RUN (12:34)
3. BABY LOVE (12:34)
4. WHEN THE LOVE COMES (12:34)
5. ENERGETIC (12:34)
6. GIVE ME (12:34)
7. GIVE ME (12:34)

PRODUCT OF MOTOWN RECORDS CORP.

The triangles

turned to rectangles and squares, connecting him to the source, to the other listeners and to the moon. What could then connect him to the elusive singers he anxiously hoped to hear?

Mikhail and Irene entered the small, dark living room that was closed away to make room for dancing. It was a familiar student household; not all too cozy. Nice attempts were made, however, to create a festive mood. A few balloons dropped from the ceiling, reflecting the yellow light from the electric chandelier. Ludmilla herself was a grand presence, a large, buxom young lady sitting royally and protectively by the record player, holding the next selection in her hand. A slow number was coming through the small, distant loudspeaker as the other dozen or so visitors stood drinking and talking. The singer was female and the discernible, repeated theme for this song was the word: DOWNTOWN. Irene began to feel as if all those present were indeed in another cosmos. More than Moscow was in this room, more than all of Russia. Irene's triangles and rectangles passed through here on their way through the airwaves. Mikhail and Irene crossed the room to pay Ludmilla, who placed the money in a battered old cigar box and gave them permission to look through the collection. Something stirred in Mikhail as he gazed at Irene, who was flipping through each disk, carefully reading the titles on the back and front sides. Rays then came up behind them.

Good evening, friends! I am so glad you have come. Did you find your song, Irene?

Not yet, Ray. Are you sure you heard the same one?

Irene, relax. I am sure. The record should be in a sleeve, with a photo of the singer.

Irene was light-headed as he frantically combed all disks that were not in one of the paper envelopes and finally it appeared, staring him in the face; those words "BABY LOVE," printed across the top in bold print. Below was the photo of three women with dark skin, dark hair and exotic western hairdos that glimmered like stars in the photographic light. Their faces were dramatic, yet smiling, and partially in shadow. One wouldn't think with such beautiful skin they would need make-up but their eyes were carefully outlined in black, allowing them to show through purely white, like the covering, perfect teeth between their bright red lips. The eyebrows too were reimagined and darkened. Irene could feel his soul mix with the girls and with Mikhail and this caused his stomach to tighten although he was elated at the discovery. "Look at that photo," he heard Mikhail utter slyly. Looking at Mikhail's face, it was apparent he was just as affected by it. This was a perfect triangle, thought Irene. Mr. Mikhail, and these girls who call themselves The Supremes.

Irene took out the record and passed the sleeve to Mikhail. Holding the record felt powerful, as powerful as the song itself. Irene suddenly had more respect for the proletariat he tried so hard not to be because a worker somewhere in America had made this record just for him. There was even a map on the label, a city named "Detroit" was a red star and he supposed this was where the three girls lived.

Mikhail, please... please help me. I want to steal this record, right now. How can we sneak out with it?

Irene, don't be crazy! I've never heard you talk like that. Use your integrity.

I must have this record!

Stop it. We will find you soon. Let's ask where Ludmilla got it.

The record played for eleven times and the very annoyed Ludmilla declared each playing the last one for the evening. Irene was absorbed in the listening, while holding onto the photo of the captivating trio. Mikhail sat by, his hand secretly resting on Irene's shoulder. "It is glorious," Mikhail expressed, "Glorious that cradles from their eyes, from their content souls." Irene floated on one of the girl's faces and as his vision blurred he imagined his own persona coming through; his own persona that could be male with the brown leather shoes and pegged wool suit he now wore or female with black, laced hair and a love sleeveless dress. It was beyond gender, but went right to his soul. Was he not as much a kindred soul with these ladies as he was to Mikhail? The Supremes—Irene knew that was what they called themselves, but who were these ladies, and how did they come from so far away to be part of his world? He was now past agitation and into wonderment. The song and the girls were perhaps a catalyst. They came to him through Germany, through tiny air molecules that hit his radio antenna and now through the little plastic disk. The disk was spinning and maybe Mikhail had been right, did time sleeveless dresses demonstrate a change in the world? His new pantlegs; were other artists around the world painting in such light, vivid colors? Was he, after all, more a part of things than he realized? "Irene," said Mikhail, "don't be startled but I think perhaps I finally got it."

THE END



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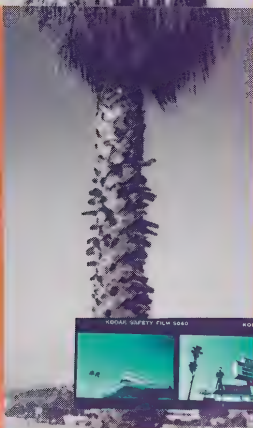
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GEORGE SAND

Painting by Beno F. Smith



"Humanity is not an empty word. Our life is made of love, and not to love is not to live. The people, you say. This 'people' is you and I . . ."

George Sand, "Reponse à un ami." ("Reply to a friend," August 1871)

By Alice Polesky

As they say, life is larger than art. Yet great artists must have very large lives indeed. Certainly this holds true for Aurora Dudevant, the astonishing 19th century French writer who wrote 70 novels and novellas, 24 plays, and hundreds of articles under the name of George Sand.

Known now for her larger creation, her 300, today's readers are less aware of her art. This was not the case for her contemporaries, writers and outside of France: Honoré Balzac, Gustave Flaubert (to whom the reply quoted above was addressed), Walter Whitman, Henry James, Leo Tolstoyevsky, Ivan Turgenev, Heinrich Heine and the Breton sisters, to name a few, all considered her among the greatest writers of the age.

George Sand did not necessarily share this exalted opinion of her work. "To make people guess we accepted her, to call on her for forgotten truths, is enough for me . . ." Her writing raised the dust of complacency, she challenged the "bourgeois" institutions of marriage, the tyrannies of the Church and monarchy, the perversion of society. What she made her own statement in "Lila," she shocked her generation.

Yet it was her writing itself that her peers respected, her "liquid and refinement" prose, depicting the richness of the natural world, the subtleties and complexities of human nature. Her attraction for the French bourgeoisie and its detractors on her gentle sands. "To have a suitable" ("The Hatched Pencil") is a fine example of this.

She dreamed of a world community without sexual, class, religious or racial bias. Without war. She did believe that "social reform is the duty of every citizen," but her anger was less than her love.

"In life let us do our best not to hate . . ."

Political events in her time occurred rapidly, as in our own. Her age saw the class polarization and social oppression provoked by the Industrial Revolution culminate into periodic workers' rebellions. From her infancy in Paris, George Sand watched with anguish the rivers of blood running in the gutters from the Marquis into the Seine. 600 people killed in the two-day June 1832 revolt against the monarchy. She saw the dufus — thought on the death — of her socialist dream as the failed revolution of 1848 (year of Karl Marx's "Communist Manifesto"), in which she had played an active part. In 1870, at the age of 64, she wrote with disdain France's entry into the Franco-Prussian War, despite her pleas for a "Universal Europe." This peninsula combat led to the siege of Paris, where the starving residents were forced to eat rats, cats, horses, and the animals in their zoo.

As soon as this was over came the 1871 revolution, in which 20 to 25,000 Parisians citizens were killed by the government during a civil war between those who attempted to restore the French republic and extreme economic imbalances.

With all this, George Sand remained her touch in the ultimate triumph of reason and good will, the authorship of the romance that ended the hearts of many of her friends.

Yet the same chaos that generated France's political strife also infused its cultural spirit, with the bloodshed came an artistic Renaissance embodied in the Romantic movement: Delacroix, Chopin, de Maistre, Lucien, Hugo, Chateaubriand. Many of these were George Sand's intimates, her lovers or lifelong friends. Everything was open to questions: women's rights, workers' rights, government and social structures, the dangers of property. In this explosive atmosphere, a beautiful woman could live in Paris, write novels and political tracts, and, in this succession of lovers, just like her fellow (male) artists.

The Romantics were a mixture, restless, flamboyant and extremely self-conscious. They wanted no lives with broader dimensions. In fact, George Sand's life reads like a novel. Her life and loves were mentioned in her day by a hungry public. Today, no doubt, we would see her pictured in "People" magazine, proving that the appetite for a good scandal is a timeless, classical and universal human condition. And she was deeply united to the Romantic rule, she lived as a leader rather than where the air was more intoxicating. The instant of her richer, the moment when people than for ordinary folk like her husband Casimir (for example).

George Sand was outstanding in her comrade of man himself of whom had the good sense to be as low with her for the development of what was considered to be both her "maternal" and "feminine" faculties. She took aggressive control of her life in a manner that was identical to a man's. In her time, women were legal minors of their lives, the shadows or appendages of their husbands. Her husband either possessed or controlled any inheritance or earnings that wives had. If, for example, a woman was lost enough to marry and good fortune to want to work back, her husband could sign his name instead of hers in her work.

It was in this context that George Sand established her own life and from her earnings financially supported her husband, her children, servants, travel funds and from time to time, friends. Just like a man. And just like a man, she had a vivid intellect, to reveal that the men of her day often referred to her as a man. They could not accept that a woman who rose intelligence and talent equaled for men, they often almost suppressed their own, could be a woman only. And yet the "feminine" qualities of love, loyalty, emotional depth, sensitivity and perception were more marked in her than in most men. She loved for life, was quick to forgive and could not lose anything when it was a question of love or friendship.

Most strangely, she had no conflicts between these two sides of her nature; they were in harmony. "What a brave man the man and what a good woman," said Turgenev. "Much loved woman and the outstanding man of his age," said the Count d'Espère. "You of the third sex," said Flaubert. "The most womanly woman I have ever known," said her lover de Maistre.

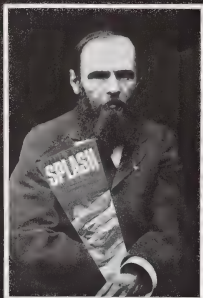
So great was this breakthrough into individuality through layers of repressive acknowledgment that for many people, this is all that remains of George Sand. She was the woman who smoked cigars, dressed like a man and took many lovers. "Watch the Countess's lover?" people ask. She was, for some years, though in her day, people were more likely to say that Chopin was George Sand's lover. It's hard to imagine a fuller life than hers.

Or a more documented one. Her correspondence is estimated at 25 volumes, each about 1,000 pages long, not to mention her autobiography ("Mémoires de ma vie"), her diary ("Journal intime") and the letters of other people to her or about her. The art of quantity immortalizing her faded, but in her day, she and her young post lover de Maistre fully expected that posterity would read every line note that passed between them, and they were right. So recent were very aware that their letters could be so boring. Thank God for posterity that there were no telephones on those days, days in which people felt compelled to write things down. Everyone had journals to which they were running every five minutes. His mine was so monumental or so varied that there lacked the time to record it — before, during and after its occurrence.

Many of these documents clearly did not survive, but enough did so long posterity almost of all the art. We get only know who was sleeping with whom, but also what to see and so rarely thought about this or the other one's deeps what he was saying in letters.

It is from these sources, as well as from her fictional works, that the portrait of George Sand emerges, an individual who was a gleaming example of man and woman, who, through her example of love, pursued the odyssey of the great mind of her day. Yet the vision of man here was no abstraction. It was based on the most tangible experience known she held — for individuals and for everything that moved or grew in the natural world because was in her person. This love that freed her work spilled out from an interior heart that opened itself willingly and unconsciously to all those human experiences could offer. Typically, even as the lay dying, this remarkable woman asked her daughter Solange to turn her bed, so she could look the first light of the new day that was closer to dawn.

"Life is a journey with life as its goal."
George Sand, "The Countess of Rudolstadt," 1844



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kiss
talk, f

[illegible]

Magritte's Hat

BY VERONIQUE VIENNE

He wants her to put her hands in her mouth.

She is supposed to grab her tongue with both hands and pull it out gently. It's like trying to grab a live frog in a plastic pit. It's very slippery.

"Then," he says, "you stick a couple of fingers inside your throat, as if you were going to gag yourself, but instead, you just massage the back of your tongue."

He is about to show her, when she stops him.

"O.K.," she promises, "I'll try."

She is lying.

It all started some months ago, when I dialed my home number by mistake and got my own recorded message on the answering machine. A strange voice with a thick French accent picked up the phone.

Who was this foreigner speaking on my behalf? What was she doing in my house? I told her to get off my phone and hung up on her. But when I got home that night and switched on the tape, she came back on. She had been waiting for me, and had the nerve to ask me to get off my phone.

I understood then that for all those years, my voice had been betraying me.

I got the feeling that I was like that unhappy prince in the fairy tale who fell under a wicked spell. Each time she opened her mouth, frogs, instead of words, escaped from her lips. When I speak, my words, too, croak in the back of my throat, scratch my vocal cords, and then jump out, making this strange sound that has nothing to do with the way I feel.

I feel like one of us.

I sound like one of them.

After twenty years in this country, I still have a French accent.

To teach the small green amphibians how to speak proper English, this man suggested I first reach inside and catch them by hand. He wants me to rub my tongue, stroke my palate and poke my fingers down my throat. He says I have to recantillate the muscles in my mouth. But there is something very un-American about all that. I am not studying to be a dentist, you know.

"Look," he says, "you can't act like a Puritan if you want to learn to speak like one."

He is a very reputable voice teacher and I am paying him to help me correct my voice patterns. So, one night, armed with three fingers, a mirror and a flashlight, I venture past the entrance of the cave.

It's a dark, moist and crowded place. First I look for my tongue, curled up in the back where it feels safe, and try to lure it forward. But it retreats further, put off, probably, by the dull touch and taste of my fingers. It takes patience, and a little bit of coy tickling, before the intruders are allowed to feel around and get to know their surroundings. The task is complicated by the breath, huffing, puffing, and requiring the right of way, the saliva, in the meantime, is moving in the opposite direction. The teeth, on the defensive, are always ready to bite.

But in this tiny cramped space, the bulkiest presence is the least physical. My mind is the one that takes all the room. It stands in there, with its baggage of expectations and preconceived ideas, ready to spread out its ware. It needs space to hold out words and string them into sentences, and then, reluctantly, it makes a spelling check.

I learned to read English before being able to speak it. The whole thing is a mental process, not an audible one. I can't believe my ears, I always want to see it in writing.

"Let me guess," I say, while my brain is frantically typing "it is good," and thinks it is.

I am deaf to myself.

I have since learned that none of us can in fact hear our own voice. The sound one feels, when one speaks, is the vibration not of the air, but of the bones in the head, the chest, and sometimes the whole body. The ears are useless, in this instance, since they are designed to pick up sounds produced by the movements of the molecules in the air. That's why it's always a surprise to hear one's voice on tape. It's not just paranoiac: we are indeed perfect strangers to ourselves.

"Don't let your thoughts get in the way," says the voice teacher with the certitude of somebody who says it 50 times a day.

As it turns out, he is wrong. My mind, as bulky as it is, can reach deeper than my hands.

"This isn't an apple," wrote Magritte.

I stare at the picture. It is an apple.

"This isn't a pipe," wrote Magritte.

The caption stands under a lovely picture of a pipe, the kind a real gentleman would smoke.

This is my first hint. The picture, as accurate as it seems to be, isn't the real thing. So, when I hang on to the spelling of a word and its schematic

representation, I actually cut myself off from its essential reality.

"Snow," wrote Magritte, under the famous picture of his bowler hat. This is the final clue I have been waiting for.

I have to get my mind away from the spelling of words, and on to their visual and emotional content.

"Hat," says my teacher.

"Hat," I repeat, and my mouth opens, my tongue comes out for fresh air, and from the depth of my chest, a sound is expelled. It's rounded, shaped to perfection to fit the inside of my mouth, with a rim to it, as frisky as a "t." Delighted, I decide to pull out a different hat from the magic enclosure that lies beyond my lips; I want this one to be a top hat, big enough for a rabbit.

"Hat," I say, and for a moment, the sound rings in my nose before delivering a haughty head gear with a sharp looking rim I want to polish with the edge of my sleeve.

"Hat," I say a third time, but now I am flashing the word "snow" in front of my eyes. A gust of wind almost tips the word off my lips. Next time I go out in this weather, I'll wear a woolen cap. The sound that comes out of my mouth is describing the kind of hat that simply isn't practical in winter.

From that day on, my voice lessons become exercises in surreal visualizations. The words I learn to pronounce are pandora boxes bursting open with personal imagery. I learn to say "river" and my tongue slides downstream among the weeds; "fish," and there is a shimmer, a tug, and the catch is gone with the bait; "book," and it's the smell, elegant and crisp book I want to write some day.

For my constant worry about the spelling of a word, I substitute the sensation of the proper shaping of the sound. I keep looking for the right fit, as the words form in my mind. If I see them all written, then "not too good," but if I slow down long enough to enjoy it, then "it is good!" And sometimes it is so good that it sends a thrill down my spine. I am French, after all.

"Rappas," my teacher says to me one day.

"Rppes," I repeat carefully.

"Listen," he says, "Rappas."

So I look over his shoulder, through the window, at the wash drying in his back yard. The wind is blowing gently and the clouds are moving fast in the sky. Somewhere in a distant clapboard house a woman is singing in Spanish.

"Rappas," I say, and the feeling is so strong that my eyes are suddenly filled with tears.

"Heaven," he says, without missing a beat.

I look at him, startled. This time I am voiceless. I can't do it.

"Try," he says, as if my resistance made perfect sense.

"Aven," I muller.

So he takes my hand and gently says "Heaven."

In the beginning, says the Bible, God created the heavens. Seen after that, he created a man and a woman. As the word still echoes in me, I see in this man's dear blue eyes angels, rushing to a rehearsal in the sky, carrying big musical instruments under their wings. I want to open my mouth, but I remain silent.

"You'd better practice your vowels and do your tongue exercises," he says, "you are still thinking too hard."

Words are magic.

In fact, every single word is magic, although some are more magic than others. For each person on earth, there seems to be a set of keywords with a special meaning. For me, these words are easy to spot, because they are the words I humiliate on, the words I can never get right, the words that resist banality. The list is intriguing, mysterious, delivered to me in the middle of my speech in the coded language of mispronunciation.

I have trouble with heaven, but I am also quite upset with devastated, confetti, motivated, ruins, career, kiss, academy, and paternity. I associate my cool with talk, fall, call, and listen.

"Listen," he says one day, at the end of the lesson, "I'll give you a call. I want to talk to you."

As she goes out the door, he catches her gently and gives her a kiss. As their lips part and their tongues mingle, a transformation takes place. They are falling in love.

It always happens on the end. You kiss the frog.

But there she remembers the cold assemblage of words still stuck in the back of her throat, and she wonders what kind of fairy tale this is going to be.

As I rode the 405, a Ford van slapped me through the face with memories of my past - scratching at my scars like dogs' claws on a freshly painted door. At that moment I fell back into a warped afternoon on the seedy streets of Sea Point in Kaapstad. The southeaster was blowing through the lunch hour, and those who weren't having a pomp in the park were hanging out delivering their daily jive. Uniformed maids with hands on hips skinniered van die life, while the Cats rammed pinballs in the Portuguese cafe. Both sides of the street bused with amafulha pundoems in tight knee-high skirts. With bold lips and flaring nostrils, these women could laugh and talk like nobody's business.

I was heading toward the Sea Point bus terminus, catching eyes with my friend the Flower Lady who always greeted me with a wide toothless smile. She'd sat there before my first day at Junior School located up the street. In those days I'd wait for the bus and watch the Skollies downing Meths from the Hardwood Store. As the years passed the group slowly dissolved, and the ones still alive stayed swollen and faithful to their Purple Spirits.

Everytime I'd walk that strip, the Manne would tune me: "Hey Cat! I like your style!" Sometimes I'd get wys and reply: "Moenie my draad gee nie ouens. Jy weet mos van wie en van waar ne?", and inside I'd be thinking: "Julle's mos jus in julle monde ek sê."

The mood of the street was pretty lax until nervous whispers caught my attention. The Boere had arrived and claimed their Coloured victims, kicking and throwing them into the back of their fenced Ford van. The Manne were on edge and so was I. This repetitive procedure conjugated spasms of hate amongst the people. They drove off with the Caapiies huddled in the rear - their screaming and swearing blotting out the sun.

I hid in a doorway with the Zol Merchants, and now they were saying: "Koekeloer my bras . . . die Boere's mos aan die vang, en hulle loer na ons soos hoere vandag. Julle moes wys wees vir die business. Hide die Buttons! Gooi die pyp! Hey Smilie - waar's die skyf ouen? Kom! Laat ons waai wena!" I stood alone as they fled, knowing that Biko had disappeared the same way as those in the van. They too may be beaten to death, and no one would know.

- LISA COHEN Los Angeles, July 16, 1985



MALIVINS-GUERRA SUCIA

Borges,
now what?
The useless dawn has found you and me
on this deserted street corner
where the bullets and plans
sound distant and almost gone.

What will we do this moment of sad grace?

This hour of young men not on horses
on the wide pampas
but in that vast white space
that inevitably will lead them to their death.

Does this then mean the epic is not dead,
that this too is poetry?

And you and I, so far away, must wait and write
while hours pass and young men cry,
and blue and white the colors rise and fall.

The useless dawn has found you and me
on this deserted street corner.
Soon the light of day
will separate our roads.
You - to your brightness of tigers,
and I - to a foreign tongue I wear quite well

while blue and white the colors rise and fall
and young men die and we are too far,
you, Borges, and I to hear their cries.

- ELSA FRUSTO



MEXICO

In the blistering sootmanubance of memory
pigment of vision
where lawns of dust and wide angles of
yellow pollen empty from the
sun's eye

In the torrential silence of a
battered vest
bees fly out of bullet holes
a bullfido sunset burns the sky
red
a water glass tips and
halts still for decades.

- DEBRA SENGAL

REVERSE GRAVITY the calamity of yesterday - Beckett

I always meet someone who
waves his hand and says,
"I grew up here"

and I stare
at arched houses and lawns,
preserved sky,
streets leading to themselves.

I don't wave
toward anything.
I pack tulipants until it hurts:
practical clothes
in neutral colors,
the unforgotten toothbrush

The past is trickier,
it has to fold
into the mind --
swans and their reflections,
turning points, bridges,
the pigeons on the statue's head

In Milwaukee I met people
who had never left Milwaukee.
My leaving for California
startled them more than the moonshot
They constantly asked,
"What's it like in . . . ?"

How could they know
there is no answer?
They never had to ask themselves
Milwaukee was Milwaukee.
The church. The high school.
The parking lot of the first kiss

They wave and wave.
But there's no wind,
only silliness, like heavy furniture.
I want to say,
"How can you remember?
You haven't left."

But few understand
the reverse gravity of memory

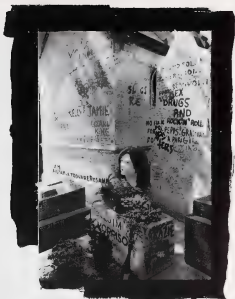
- JOHNNA WARWICK



WARRIORS OF X'IAN

The clay army of Xian stands
in the dry dusty trenches
Six thousand impassive faces
Guarding Qin Shi Huang's
Disheveled necropolis
Ciradas buzzing along the
Roadside in the blistering heat
Charrois crumbling to pieces
A dismembered hand
A ball buried head waiting
To be excavated
The cracked bones of a slave
Thrown in a pit nearby

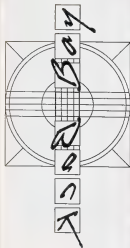
- NARC SUSAN



Jim Morrison Revisited

Jim Morrison's grave, Père-Lachaise Cemetery,
Boulevard de Ménilmontant, Paris, France.

Photograph by Anne Telford.



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R A T E S

THE CREMATION OF SAM

BY ROBERT W. SERVICE



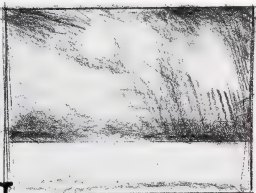
*There are strange things done in the midnight sun
By the men who moil for gold;
The Arctic trails have their secret tales
That would make your blood run cold;
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,
But the queerest they ever did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge
I cremated Sam McGee.*

PAINTINGS BY WILLIAM

CONE

McGEE

THESE ARE STRANGE
THINGS THAT ARE TRUE
AND I'VE HEARD THEM...



N

ow Sam McGee was from Tennessee, where the cotton
blossoms and blows.

Why he left his home in the South to roam 'round the
Pole, God only knows.

He was always cold, but the land of gold seemed to
hold him like a spell ;

Though he'd often say in his homely way that "he'd
sooner live in hell."

On a Christmas Day we were mushing our way over
the Dawson trail.

Talk of your cold ! through the parka's fold it stabbed
like a driven nail.

If our eyes we'd close, then the lashes froze till some-
times we couldn't see ;

It wasn't much fun, but the only one to whimper was
Sam McGee.

And that very night, as we lay packed tight in our robes
beneath the snow,

And the dogs were fed, and the stars o'erhead were
dancing heel and toe,

He turned to me, and "Cap," says he, "I'll cash in
this trip, I guess ;

And if I do, I'm asking that you won't refuse my last
request."

Well, he seemed so low that I couldn't say no ; then he
says with a sort of moan :

"It's the cursed cold, and it's got right hold till I'm
chilled clean through to the bone.

Yet 'taint being dead—it's my awful dread of the icy
grave that pains ;

So I want you to swear that, foul or fair, you'll cremate
my last remains."

A pal's last need is a thing to heed, so I swore I would
not fail ;

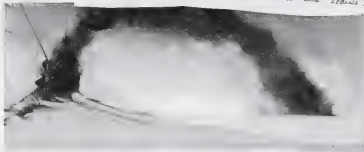
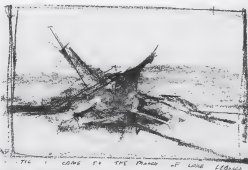
And we started on at the streak of dawn ; but God ! he
looked ghastly pale.

FROM THE "MAGAZINE"
THAT MADE THE J.C.

THE CREMATION OF SAM MCGEE

He crouched on the sleigh, and he raved all day of his home in Tennessee;
And before nightfall a corpse was all that was left of Sam McGee.

There wasn't a breath in that land of death, and I hurried, horror-driven,
With a corpse half hid that I couldn't get rid, because of a promise given;
It was lashed to the sleigh, and it seemed to say: "You may tax your brawn and brains,
But you promised true, and it's up to you to cremate those last remains."



ARMY SAVED IN RUIN BY CLASH WITH STORMING DOWN THE STAY



Now a promise made is a debt unpaid, and the trail has its own stern code.
In the days to come, though my lips were dumb, in my heart how I cursed that load.
In the long, long night, by the lone firelight, while the huskies, round in a ring,
Howled out their woes to the homeless snows—O God! how I loathed the thing.

And every day that quiet clay seemed to heavy and heavier grow;
And on I went, though the dogs were spent and the grub was getting low;
The trail was bad, and I felt half mad, but I swore I would not give in;
And I'd often sing to the hateful thing, and it hearkened with a grin.

Till I came to the marge of Lake Lebargé, and a derelict there lay;
It was jammed in the ice, but I saw in a trice it was called the "Alice May."
And I looked at it, and I thought a bit, and I looked at my frozen chum;
Then "Here," said I, with a sudden cry, "is my crema-tor-eum."

Some planks I tore from the cabin floor, and I lit the boiler fire;
Some coal I found that was lying around, and I heaped the fuel higher;
The flames just soared, and the furnace roared—such a blaze you seldom see;
And I burrowed a hole in the glowing coal, and I stuffed in Sam McGee.

Then I made a hike, for I did'n't like to hear him sizzle so;
And the heavens scowled, and the huskies howled, and the wind began to blow.

It was icy cold, but the hot sweat rolled down my cheeks, and I don't know why;
And the greasy smoke in an inky cloak went streaking down the sky.

I do not know how long in the snow I wrestled with grisly fear;
But the stars came out and they danced about ere again I ventured near;
I was sick with dread, but I bravely said: "I'll just take a peep inside.
I guess he's cooked, and it's time I looked;" . . . then the door I opened wide.

And there sat Sam, looking cool and calm, in the heart of the furnace roar;
And he wore a smile you could see a mile, and he said: "Please close that door.
It's fine in here, but I greatly fear you'll let in the cold and storm—
Since I left Plumtree, down in Tennessee, it's the first time I've been warm."



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By the men who toil for gold;
The Arctic trails have their secret tales
That would make your blood run cold;
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,
But the queerest they ever did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebargé
I cremated Sam McGee.*

RIGHT ANGLE

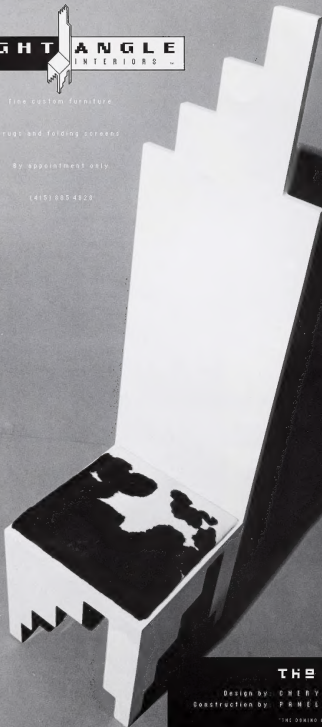
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